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# Woman's Work for Woman.



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## Chinese in America.

"AM I my brother's keeper?" is a pertinent question at this time in America. There is no disputing the fact that many thousands of Chinese are here. Has not God a people among them? We have proof that He has in the earnest, consistent lives of many who have been brought to a belief in that dear Saviour who was no respecter of persons. In the providence of God China has not only been opened to missionary efforts, but China has really been brought to us. Obedience to our Lord's command has thus been made both possible and easy to thousands of Christians. I simply state what would be the testimony of every one engaged in work among the Chinese that it brings its own reward in the great pleasure and satisfaction of telling to those who never heard of God "the story of Jesus and His love."

Without exception they are the most grateful people I know anything of. Circumstances have served to strengthen this natural characteristic. The terrible abuse they suffer at the hands of other foreigners, in connection, I am sorry to say, with the indifference to them and their wrongs on the part of many of our own people, makes them especially amenable to the sympathy and kindness of their friends and teachers. It seems impossible for them to sufficiently express their gratitude. It is only after a considerable time that their confidence is gained. When once given it is not to be

shaken. They are very apt to learn, and soon learn to read in the Bible, which they prefer to any other book. They are very tidy in their dress, as every one must observe in looking at them on the street. We never see one begging. We rarely hear of one committing theft. We never hear of them as housebreakers or guilty of many of the offences which fill our prisons with people from other nations. They are quiet, inoffensive, industrious, law-abiding citizens. Dr. Nevius tells us that during the famine in China he had in his room without a guard, day or night, several thousand pounds of *cash* for distribution, that although many were dying for lack of food, not a *cash* was stolen. Does not this speak volumes for their honesty? But were all that politicians say about them true, God has seen fit to bring them here and to scatter them over the whole country, and by so doing has cast a great responsibility on Christian people. We cannot, by closing our eyes as we pass their places of business, lessen this responsibility to speak a kind word to them, and above all, to give to them the bread of life entrusted to us by our Saviour, and for lack of which their souls are perishing. Many questions are asked us in regard to them. "Why do they not bring their wives with them?" etc., etc. A friend of mine has seen at different times in San Francisco wagon loads of Chinese going from the wharf to the city all bleeding from the stones and missiles thrown by hoodlums. Isolating and guarding their women as they do in China, could we expect them to expose their wives to such treatment? Then it is not the will of the parents that the wives should come, and in China as long as a man lives he is subject to his parents. Would that our American young men as fully manifested in their lives the spirit of the fifth commandment as do the Chinese. I think the one great comfort of the Chinese women must be the beautiful devotion of their sons. Ask any one of them if he wishes to go back to China, and the answer invariably is, "I like to see my mother." One great hindrance to a public profession of faith in Christ is the fear that it would cause unhappiness to the mother. For the same reason many do not cut their hair, although wishing much to do so to save themselves from insults and taunts while in this country. Of course the wives sometimes accompany their husbands. One Christian Chinaman, Moy Len For, has just brought his wife to Chicago. She is also a Christian. She was eight years in Miss Noyes' school in Canton. She repeats the entire New Testament in Chinese. She is seventeen years old in this country, eighteen in China, because there when a child is born it is called a year old.

It is a mistaken idea that a large proportion of Chinese in this country smoke opium. They come here to make money, and do not as a rule idle away their time in that way. There are of course

sad exceptions. Gambling is their worst vice, but as they learn of Jesus and have clearer views of right and wrong, this is given up. One young man in our Chicago school said a short time since, "Before I knew about Jesus I gamble and do many bad things, now I never do bad things; I go home from Sunday-school, I read, sing, and tell boys all about Jesus." And he is truly an earnest young missionary, not afraid to tell his countrymen what Christ has done for him, although his brother has threatened to kill him.

In Chicago with a population of half a million, and with several hundred Chinese, but sixty persons are engaged in teaching them the only way of eternal life, and these are from all denominations. I do not hesitate to say that if three hundred consecrated Christian ladies would offer themselves for this work, as many more Chinese would be induced to enter the schools. Let me through *Woman's Work for Woman*, which is so widely circulated, urge upon Christians that they see to it that every Chinaman in their city or town has at least the offer of salvation from some of God's more favored children.

One of our young men who is now in Rockford, and intends to unite with the Presbyterian church there, wrote a very touching letter to a Christian friend in which he says, in his broken way, "I hope you are all well, and God our Father will come looking for you, and Jesus Christ have power make you feel happy, and He take you go to heaven. When I find Jesus Christ so good for us, I like to go to church very much to be He friend, and hope all my friends try to love Him."

Any inquiries in regard to detail of work I will gladly reply to.

MRS. C. O. WATERS.

CHICAGO.

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### CHINESE IN CALIFORNIA.

MISSIONARY LADIES REPRESENTING THE W. F. M. S.

Miss M. Culbertson, San Francisco.

Miss Cable, Oakland.

Mrs. Ira M. Condit, Oakland.

Miss M. Baskin, Oakland.

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A PROMINENT Christian worker writes to a returning missionary: "I am very glad to have known you, and you have been an inspiration in our work, the results of which will be manifest I trust in the missionary meetings which we shall hold in all our churches this winter. Our plan is to labor to institute a monthly missionary meeting in every church even though discouragement be our companion. I have learned that with God all things are possible, and God is with us in everything we do for the spreading of the gospel, if we walk in the Spirit."

## Siam and Laos.

A letter received July 22, from Miss Mary Hartwell of Bangkok, describes the centennial anniversary of the establishment of the present dynasty and of that city as the capital. These two events were celebrated by an exhibition in which was shown the progress made during the century in the various arts and manufactures.

THE improvement of the country has been largely due to the progressive policy of the late king and his successor, the present ruler. The Royal College was solicited to make an exhibit, representing the work done in the school. This consisted chiefly of specimens of writing in Siamese and English, translations and solutions of problems in arithmetic, the school furniture, the text-books used, and the various helps employed in teaching, such as the microscope, magnets, electric batteries, etc. The Siamese mind is peculiarly adapted to picking up information by looking at things and asking questions, and it is believed that this exhibit will not only enhance the reputation of the college, but give the Siamese some new ideas on the subject of education.

Miss Olmstead and I, together with our assistant Ma Tuen, have been training little fingers in fancy work, or rather overseeing the finishing up of things to go into the exhibition. April 25 we placed our mats, tidies, afghans, rug, cushions, needle-books, edgings, work-bags and lambrequins in the cases allotted to our school in the Queen's Room, and on the 26th we were again at our post as exhibitors, to receive his majesty the king and give him our salutations upon his first entrance at the grand opening. While we were looking for him in one direction he suddenly entered from another, followed by his brothers and other members of his court, and the consular dignitaries. We did not see him until he had filed up the long and magnificent hall and was within half a dozen paces of us. He was dressed in a perfectly-fitting suit of navy-blue broadcloth, without any gaudy trappings, and never did he wear a more becoming suit. His face was radiant with joy, and his quick elastic step soon brought him to us. He uttered an exclamation of pleasure at seeing us there, shook our hands most cordially, took a hasty survey of our exhibits, and then cried out with boyish enthusiasm, "These things are beautiful, Mem; did you make them?" "Oh, no," I responded, "we taught the children and they made them." "Have you many scholars?" was his next question. "About thirty-one," I answered. Turning again to the cases he exclaimed emphatically, "They are beautiful things! and I am coming back to look at them carefully; am in haste now." And off he went to look at the other unviewed departments. Since then we see by the paper published in Bangkok that his majesty has paid the girls'



school of Bangkok the high compliment of declaring himself the purchaser of the collection, and has attached his name to the cases.

The centennial is voted a success by all. There are fifty-four departments, and each is handsomely arranged, reflecting great credit upon the Siamese. The Queen's Room is the richest and grandest of all. It is devoted to the royal jewels—that is, all such as are owned and worn by the queen and princesses—clothing made of gold-lace cloth, and gold-embroidered cloth of heavier but fine texture; embroidery on satin, such as cushions, curtains and bedspreads; embroidery in worsteds; vessels of gold, silver, and a combination of gold and copper, fine carved work in ivory, and artificial flowers of gold and silver. The royal jewels are arranged on a pyramid about ten feet high, and shut in by a glass cover. The whole is placed under a pagoda of bright blue, trimmed with white which spreads out over it, but does not hide the jewels. The latter consist of rings, anklets, bracelets, ear jewels and necklaces. The collection of these diamonds, emeralds and other precious stones is valued at five million dollars, to say nothing of the gold lunch-baskets eighteen inches in height and as much or more in circumference, the solid gold soup-dishes and ladles, the tea-pots, betel trays, meat dishes and a thousand other things made of the same precious materials, and many of silver also. This magnificence is beyond description in such narrow limits as a letter. Scarlet and gold are freely mingled in cloth, and everything is gorgeous that meets the eye in that room. The exhibition buildings radiate from a high domed theatre in the central part of the grounds, and these again have halls crossing their extremities in the form of the capitol. The Queen's Room, and the one adjoining, decorated constantly with fresh cut flowers (under the supervision of the queen's sister, herself also a wife of the king), are the only rooms enclosed with substantial teak-wood boards alternating with ornamental glass windows, the whole forming nicely-finished and beautiful walls. The second king's department is next in beauty of finish, and then come those of the highest princes. All have vied with each other in their attempt to make the finest show. On Friday preceding the opening the king dedicated a monument to the founder of the present dynasty, and one to some other dead man (I forget his name), and they had a wonderful procession. The king was borne in state on the royal litter, and was dressed in his suit of gold cloth and wore his crown of gold and diamonds. He looked just like an idol. He had to sit so erect and still, he appeared almost as motionless as the images you see in pictures of the idol gods, except that with his left hand he dipped silver coins out of a bowl of solid gold which was fixed on the post of the litter, and threw them broadcast

with his right hand at intervals. How the children and common people did struggle to obtain those little coins! The procession was made up of soldiers from the cavalry, artillery and infantry, and there were also many bands of soldiers equipped with the spear, the battle-axe, the bow and arrow, and all sorts of ancient weapons such as were used a hundred years ago. I think that was a proud day for the king; but if I could judge from his face, the opening day of the centennial exhibition was the proudest, happiest day of his life. His face beamed with joy, and every word, look and movement denoted keen satisfaction with all his eyes beheld. We are praying that good results may follow, far better than his majesty anticipated.

I had almost left out the very best news, and that is, another one of our pupils is asking for baptism. She was redeemed from slavery by her father with Mr. Van Dyke's aid, two years ago, and has been with us since, vacations excepted. We are so glad to see our dear girls coming one by one, and if they are truly converted it will compensate us for all these years of separation from our own loved ones. We have a new day-scholar to-day also, little Saht, and are hoping for several more. Some do not return this term, their time having expired, but we hope others will fill the vacant places.

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### *FROM CHIENG MAI.*

YOUR letter reached me in the winter months, and was very precious because of the love and sympathy it brought. When your days of sorrow and loneliness come, may you each be upheld by the same tender love and pity that so many unknown friends have given me. How blessed it is that our Lord gives us so many to care and pray for us, at just the time, too, when we think we are most alone and most in need. The days of grief have become days of quietness and assurance, but the days of loneliness are still here, and must be borne until some of you young ladies come to live with me. I wish I could see your "circle of bright, earnest, warm-hearted girls," and wish again that I could introduce you to my circle of eight warm-hearted Laos girls. I know you would form a mutual admiration society, with very different degrees of admiration, of course. They would wonder why you were dressed so much, and would ask me if it was characteristic of the race to have crimped hair. And you would wonder why they were dressed so little, and would want to know why they roll up their beautiful hair into such a door-knob. These girls are either orphans or worse than orphans, and having no homes have come to me, and I cannot send them away again. Now while I am living alone I have not the strength to continue the girls' school which we had begun, so

my work is with these girls, trying to teach and train them, perhaps some day to be our helpers.

One of the girls has a real talent for music. She has a very sweet, accurate voice, and picked out on the organ several tunes, which she plays quite well. We think this remarkable, for before coming to us she had never seen an organ. Fortunately she had not learned to sing the native airs, which are so high and rasping that her sweet voice would have been ruined. She is a real help to me, for she leads the singing in all our meetings and evening worship. Tip is our funny girl, and when she laughs she enjoys it so thoroughly that we must all join, whether we will or no. Pin Pa is the eccentric one, a little, short, round body, so odd in looks and ways that when she lived in her country home she was accused of being a spirit witch, and was driven from her home and came to me for protection. Pong has so homely a face and so faithful a heart that she is lovely. Koon Nei is the good-natured, lazy member of my family, so you see I do not lack variety. But oh, how often I lack wisdom to know just how to guide each one of these dear girls!

I know that you are interested in the establishment of a boys' school. That too is another work of the future, but you will be glad to hear that five bright, earnest boys come to me for two hours daily lessons. One of them is a young prince from one of the highest families in the land. He studies with the common boys, the only difference being that he is honored with a chair while they sit on the floor, and often he has the good sense to sit down low with them. Of course it is no more than he ought to be glad to do; still the princes view it in the light of a condescension, and we are so glad for just this one boy. Don't you want to take him into your hearts and pray for him?

I must tell you of the latest great excitement we have created. Many years ago our mission compound was a temple ground, but the temple was all in ruins when the mission took this land, and the debris was used for levelling the ground, and in this debris an old idol was buried. This has always been considered a very sacred spot, and many people have brought offerings of fruit and flowers to be placed near the spot where the idol was supposed to be. We have always refused them admission to our grounds, but they often come at night unknown to us and bring their offering. The next morning we throw the remains into the river. Well, last week we were having our bank of the river diked, and the workmen found the idol. Mr. Wilson had them resurrect it. As soon as the people heard what was done they came in great numbers to see the god they had been so long worshipping—an image of Buddha, of sandstone, about five feet high, sitting in Oriental fashion on a large

stone pillar. It had doubtless once been gilded, but not a ray of glory remained, and it was both headless and crippled in one arm. The next day Mr. Wilson took an axe and demolished the god. Then you should have seen the people, and especially the children, come and peep through the fence, and then, half frightened at the sacrilegious deed that was being done, hurry away again. We are intending to utilize this old relic by making a garden seat of the pedestal and a mound for ferns of the broken pieces.

I wish I could describe the tender scene I have just been witnessing. Three of our church members have been visiting me. The man wanted some Bible pictures to take home with him, that when his neighbors came in to chat with him he could tell them the stories and perhaps do some good. I showed him the pictures in "Dear Old Stories Told once more," and he was delighted with them. Might he borrow it? When I showed him the pretty red cover, and told him "yes," if he would be "very careful," he thought it was too nice to loan, but if I would send to America for a copy for him he would buy it. After this little business we had a conversation about giving to the Lord. The dear old woman then said she did not know what to do, she had nothing to give to the Lord, she had no money. I knew she was very poor, but asked her what offerings she made to Buddha before she came to the Lord. "Why," she answered, "we never had enough rice for the year; but these last two years, since we have been Christians, we have had plenty, and last year we had seventy baskets over." She seemed to realize the point. I asked her what she had better do with part of that remaining rice; she could so easily give that to the Lord by feeding some poor people. We talked of God's unspeakable gifts to us, and of His wonderful love, and she told me about some of the very poor of her village, how many times the little children cried for bread. Then she seemed to realize it all, and burst out crying and hurried from the room. God's poor and God's rice will find each other, I hope.

To-night I am to dine with the second princess of the land and other dignitaries, so I must say good-night and get ready for royalty.

MISS EDNA S. COLE.

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### MEETINGS IN FIJI.

MISSIONARY meetings in Fiji by no means resemble those held in Exeter Hall. They are simply great days of native merry-making, when the missionaries very wisely encourage the people to keep up the most popular and innocent of their national games and dances, and when all who attend bring offerings according to their ability and inclination.—*At Home in Fiji.*

## China.

### BURNING AN IDOL.

A MISSIONARY of the China Inland Mission writes in *China's Millions*, of an evening spent in the house of a brother of Mr. Ho, a native Christian :

"On the third evening several came to have a long chat. Mr. Ho spoke to them at some length, and they were quite interested. I then spoke, and in the course of conversation laid my hand upon the shoulder of the younger brother of our host, and said to him, 'Were I to throw you into that fire, what would you do? Remain in it till you were burnt, eh?' 'No, certainly not.' 'Now suppose I took an idol off that shelf at our back, and threw it in, would it come out, do you think?' He did not know. 'No, I am sure it would burn; and if so, how can it be a god, or how possibly save or protect you when it cannot do so for itself?' Thereupon Mr. Ho rose, went over to the shrine, and took an idol down, saying, 'We will just see what it can do.' Our host, in fear and excitement, besought him not to touch them, but it availed him nothing (as the elder brother he had legal power to deal with any property found in his younger brother's house). Over it was brought, and when he had reseated himself he said, 'Of course it will burn.' He then held it well in the light of the fire and turned it slowly round, requesting them all to look well at it, and further asked if they knew what god it was. 'Oh, yes,' they all knew it, 'it was the goddess of mercy.' 'Yes,' he replied, 'it is so; and being a piece of wood will burn; so here goes the test,' and on the fire he put it, face downwards. There was breathless silence for a little, until it began to ignite. On seeing this the host called out excitedly, 'See! see! it burns, it burns!' Silence again obtained for a time, and all eyes were still fixed upon the burning idol, when lo! there rose from it a pale blue flame. Our host became quite troubled, and in fear shouted, 'Look! look! see the blue flames.' 'Yes,' Mr. Ho sarcastically replied, 'see it; that surely is the god; now take (addressing his brother) a little spirits and put it in the fire and you will quickly have plenty of blue flames.' All assented to the correctness of this remark.

"We both now tried to impress upon their minds the folly of trusting such gods or fearing them either. As the idol burned away all restraint was removed, and the conversation became general; many cutting remarks were made about their late honored goddess. 'See,' one would say, 'it just burns like any other piece of wood.' Another took the tongs and turned it over to let the fire have a better hold upon it; one even had the temerity to spit upon it. But

the climax was reached when 'mine host' lifted the tongs and caught up the head of the idol and it came away a charred cinder. This set every one laughing, and for the rest of the evening there was not the faintest appearance of concern upon any. All agreed that the idols were useless, for had this one had power it would have struck our friend dead, or in some way wreaked signal vengeance upon him; but no, there he sat as hale and hearty as before.

"On their confessing their belief in the folly of worshipping idols we warned them against going to the other extreme; that is, of thinking there was *no* God. There certainly was a God, and Him they ought to love, serve, and obey. He was the Creator and Preserver of all. This God we worshipped daily, and we came to beseech men to worship Him too."

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### THE WORD IN CHINA.

A CHINESE merchant came into the American Baptist Mission Chapel in Shanghai, and after talking with him for a short time, Dr. Yates sold him a copy of the New Testament. He took it to his home, two or three hundred miles away, and after about three months appeared again in the chapel. He came back to say that he was under the impression that the book was not complete, that surely it must have other parts, and so he came to get the Old Testament, as he had read and studied the New. What had he done with the New Testament? He had taken it home and had shown it to the schoolmasters and the reading people. They said, "This is a good book, Confucius himself must have had something to do with it." As there was only one copy, they unstitched this one, and took it leaf by leaf, and all those who could write took a leaf home. They made twelve or fifteen complete copies of the New Testament, and introduced it into their schools without any "conscience clause." It was introduced as a class-book throughout the district for heathen schools.

Another account lies before us of a Chinese woman who describes her husband's state of mind while under conviction for sin thus: "In the eighth year of the emperor Lung Tai (six years ago), first month, twelfth night, I saw my husband in a very wonderful condition. He would cry, then kneel down, get up again, and kneel down again, and so for a long time. Then suddenly he seemed very happy. I did not understand the business at all. Afterwards I saw he was very much changed from what he was before. Seeing this I was very glad, but I could not understand why or how he had been changed." She adds a word about herself: "When I saw him reading a book of hymns I read it with him; and also the colloquial New Testament. Then I quickly understood the whole,

and my heart was very glad and greatly rejoiced to receive the doctrine preacher, and trusted him to teach me how to be saved, how to believe and trust, and how to hope for heaven's happiness. The Holy Spirit made it all plain to me."—*China, by Rev. J. T. Gracey.*

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### AN ECHO.

The following comes to us as a sort of echo of a little quiet chat between two missionaries of different Boards in China. It brings to us a truth worth treasuring up.

MRS. A. has been feeble, and the direct work has been done by her husband and the young ladies of their station; but in God's sight, perhaps, she has done as much or more than they. She said she used to be so anxious for the salvation of souls that she could not sleep at night, and was getting all worn out. One day she was reading about the branch and the vine, and such a blessed, new meaning of her life came to her that she could not speak for some time. She thought, why, the branch don't *do* anything; it just *rests* in the vine, and the sap is sent up and through it, and it buds and puts forth leaves just by being a branch. I told her that I had such a busy, tired feeling, and she said, "Doing is a deadly thing." She said that she thought I was so honored in being able to speak the language as well as I do; and I told her that the fact that the people understood me as well as they do only increased my responsibility. You know that missionaries have such different ideas of ways of working, and it was such a delight to us that we could thoroughly agree with their ideas.

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## India.

### AMONG THE WOMEN OF KOLAPOOR.

I WROTE of my wish to open a girls' school in the city. I am glad to say that it is now a reality. There is an average attendance of eighteen girls, and I think that very good for a beginning. They are all heathen girls. Mrs. Goheen has in her care the school for Christian children, and it is growing to larger and larger proportions constantly. The orphan children also attend it, as they are to be brought up as Christians. I enjoy my school very much, and pray that it may be for the children's good and also have a reflex influence in their heathen homes. I help a little in teaching in the Christian school also; but the work which comforts and cheers me most, though perhaps it is not the most fruitful in direct results, is visiting the women in their homes. It is not

zenana visiting in its strictest sense, for they are often women of the lower castes, who are not confined in zenanas at all; but their bonds are none the less real, for they are mostly chained down to a life of drudgery, with no hope for this life or the next. Still the story of Christ's love and pity moves them and touches their hearts—it is so wonderfully sweet. Last week I took Vitha-bai, one of our Christian women, and went to visit the woman's hospital. We can always have a new audience there every time we go, as new patients are daily brought in from the villages. The English surgeon in charge has kindly given us permission to go whenever we wish. This time, after singing for them and telling them about whom we had been singing and what He had done for them and for us, one woman said, "Your heart is full of these things, and so you come to tell us."

When Vitha-bai became a Christian her little girl was torn from her and kept by her heathen relatives. A few months ago she heard that the child had died suddenly of cholera. It was a great grief to her that she did not see her face again. As we came home from the hospital she said, "Won't you take me with you again? It teaches me to forget my sorrow."

ANNA M. HULL.

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### MEDICAL MISSIONS IN INDIA.

*From correspondents in "India's Women."*

HAVING resided many years in India, I naturally take a great interest in zenana work, and am quite sure it would add greatly to the success of that work if the "gift of healing" were more considered, and the native women could feel sure that our ladies were "healing ladies." Then the poor suffering ones (and how many of these one meets at every turn in India!) would *seek* such helpers far and near. The story of one cure would be recapitulated from house to house, from village to village, and, what is more, the hearts of the recipients, as well as their relatives, would so soften towards us by the benefits received to the body as to place them in a peculiarly favorable frame to receive and listen to the only "cure" for the "diseased soul." And this, of course, is our ultimate object, our highest wish for them. But feeling that they *might* come with their afflicted bodies and sufferings, relatives would, I am sure, open many doors to us which otherwise would remain closed.

It is only those who have been eye-witnesses of the silent, *patient* suffering of the natives of India, both men and women, who can realize what inspiring work there is to be done amongst them by and through "healing ladies." And indeed their gratitude is deep,



and lasts long, for all or any alleviations of their many domestic sorrows. I was reading the other day the diary of one of the zenana missionaries, and she just expressed what I felt so strongly myself when out there and working amongst them in my own feeble way. She says, "I am daily wishing that I had had more knowledge of medicine and how to treat diseases before coming out. My medicine-chest does good service, and is a great boon to the native women here; but if I really understood the diseases I treat from my medicine-book, I could of course do better with it." I do not doubt that this is not only the feeling of *one* missionary, but of many who may not have had the advantage of such preparation before beginning their arduous and ever-increasing work.

If in India we can move amongst its inhabitants with the knowledge of how to "alleviate," even if we cannot perfectly "cure," their many diseases, we carry about with us a "key" which, with but few exceptions, fits almost every door, and it will open wide in response. I shall watch with great interest the career of many of your zenana ladies, and may they be taught to follow in the footsteps of the great Physician, who so often attended to the body before He dealt with the soul!

FROM DR. C. R. FRANCIS, OF LONDON.

In the March-April number of your valuable magazine my name is associated with those who advocate a partial professional education for lady medical missionaries—this being so completely at variance with the sentiments that I have always expressed, whether at public meetings or in print, that I would ask you to kindly allow me to state in your columns what my views really are. I hold that, whilst a knowledge of Euclid, of mathematics, the classics, comparative anatomy, zoology, etc., which is required by some licensing bodies from the general student, is scarcely *necessary* for the female medical missionary—for the present at any rate, until the medical mission field is better filled—a special curriculum of study, with a special examination, is, with reference to tropical disorders, a *desideratum*. Every medical missionary should hold a diploma. . . . Female medical missionaries will not be expected, any more than other medical ladies, to perform the major operations in surgery. Still their surgical knowledge must cover the whole ground, though it will be in minor surgery—a term of elastic application in India—especially that they must display thoroughly practical skill. My views are fully expressed in the February number of the *Edinburgh Medical Missionary Journal*; but in the *Indian Female Evangelist* for October last I stated that the lady physician should be *more or less of an expert in every branch of the profession*.

Very faithfully yours,

CHAS. R. FRANCIS.

A remark in a recent letter in the *Times*, which reappeared in our local papers, to the effect that the women of India have a *choice between* "thoroughly trained medical women and ladies with a little medical knowledge and much zeal as missionaries," loses its point entirely, because no conclusion can be valid until its premises are proved correct, and we can see no reason why we should not continue to pray and expect that many ladies will be sent forth to this country with the "thorough training" and the "much zeal" blended together in such a way as to bring healing and comfort to hundreds of bodies and souls. The difficulties of carrying on zenana medical mission work are many, and much training and experience must be gained in this country which can never be found in England; and ladies such as "Sister Dora" was, with a thorough knowledge of nursing, with any amount of medical knowledge and surgical skill which they can acquire superadded, would find in India a large and ever-widening and encouraging field of usefulness. There are no ready-made nurses here, and therefore no one can undertake to overlook or train beginners. Every one knows how often a life depends upon some seemingly trifling thing being rightly done, and whereas in England it is enough to give a plain direction to a well-trained and conscientious nurse, in India personal supervision in even the minutest particular is absolutely required of the manager of a medical mission, until she has trained for herself some women on whom she can depend; unfortunately dependable, exact, and methodical people are not in a majority. Yet with patience and perseverance it is not only possible, but probable, that we may soon be able now to supply a trained native nurse on short notice, should cases of illness occur in the station in which such could be helpful and very superior to the ordinary *ayah*; we hope for this as not only supplying a frequent need, but also as affording some little help to the medical mission, and providing employment for such poor Christian women as may show any talent for nursing. If friends in any other mission station wished for a few months training for any Bible-woman or other worker, in the useful art of nursing the sick, arrangements would gladly be made for receiving such at our hospital.

Two *medical* pupils have been for nearly a year and a half in training, and are now able to compound and dispense medicines, and attend very well and intelligently to the less important cases, and to overlook all the nursing; one of these is now going to England in order to spend time in London hospitals, and to return, we trust, a valuable assistant medical missionary.

### ZENANA AND WAYSIDE TEACHING AT ETAWAH.

My zenana schools contain about one hundred and fifty girls and women of high caste, and are carried on as before. I have at present four Hindoo women to teach them. My teachers do not receive fixed salaries, but are paid according to the number of their pupils and the result of their work. You know already by former letters from me that my pupils are taught in their own houses, for as high-caste women and girls they would not come to a public school to receive instruction. They think their caste would suffer by leaving their own apartments or houses. My teachers have therefore to go to their houses and teach them there. I go there once a month and examine them in the presence of their teacher. After I have examined and instructed them the teacher receives her salary. It is of course troublesome for the teachers as well as for me to visit the different houses of the pupils and examine them there, but under the present circumstances, when they must observe the rules of caste so strictly, I do not see a better and cheaper way to teach them or have them taught.

Though I do not find any difficulty in visiting zenanas, being known by the native women as their friend, I do not like to confine my work to the comparatively few whom I find in them, but prefer speaking to them in places where they meet together for religious purposes. According to the custom of this country, high-caste women are not allowed to appear outside their houses. However they are allowed to go and perform works which are connected with their Hindoo religion, as bathing in a holy river, and visiting holy shrines and temples to worship the idols in them. For no other purpose are they allowed to leave their houses. Now the high-caste women here go very often, especially on Mondays, to the sacred river Jumna, to bathe and wash away their sins; and about three quarters of a mile from the bathing place, on the banks of the river, there is a temple containing the idol of the goddess Kali. On Mondays mostly all women who have bathed in the river go to the temple also to worship the goddess, together with many other women who have not been to the river on that day, but merely want to worship the idol. Sometimes I go to the bathing place to speak to the women; at other times I stop on the road which leads to the temple, to meet them there. I also meet with many common women from the country, on this road, who are coming from the other side of the river, and carrying milk, butter, vegetables, wood, etc., to the city for sale. And many a weary pilgrim, going to the river Ganges, or coming back from there, I have met on this road, telling them of Him who is calling the weary and heavy laden to Himself to give them rest, and I hope that the seed

which I have sown here will by the blessing of the Holy Spirit spring up and bear fruit for eternity.

When I first came to Etawah, and for the first time was visiting the many villages around it, the high-caste women would be shy and keep away from me; but very soon they began to call me into their houses, and they liked to listen to the Word of God. And when, after my conversation with them, I wanted to go away, they would generally say to me, one and another, "When you come again to this village please come again to my house." There are about two hundred and fifty villages about this city, which I visit every year. The greater number I visit twice a year, but to many of these I can only go once. Many high-caste people are living in these villages or towns, but I do not remember that in all these places there are many houses which I would not be allowed to enter, to speak to the women. Everywhere they seem to be glad when I come to see them and to talk to them.

CHRISTINE BELZ.

## Syria.

### THE SCHOOL AT JEDAIDEH.

The following appeal from the native teachers at Jedaideh shows their interest in the work at that place, and their need of a new building. It has not yet been decided to undertake the raising of money for this object, but the letter will be read with interest.

#### TRANSLATION.

FROM JEDAIDEH IN SYRIA.

To the noble ladies who are beyond the far seas in America, the honored!

May the Lord keep you always!

It will make you glad, noble ladies and sisters in the Lord, to hear about the state of the schools and their prosperity in Syria, in which the book of God is studied, and which were founded by the help of generous and charitable people for the enlightening of the human mind and its progress in spiritual and moral knowledge.

Building upon this, I purposed to tell you about our school which is in Jedaideh (the seat of government for the district of Merj Ayûn), and under the supervision of our zealous lords, Mr. Eddy and Mr. Ford. And what leads us to write about this school to your ladyships, and to describe its condition and its circumstances, are two reasons: 1st. That you may share with us in the joy caused to us because of the success and the benefits resulting from the existence of the school; and 2d. That you may share with us in aiding in what we cannot dispense with, for the greater prosperity, and the lessening of difficulties, which, if they were taken away, our prosperity would increase by the providence of God, a great increase. And we say,

1st. The reason for fellowship in the joy. This school was opened in this town about twelve years ago, where there was not before any school for the teaching of girls, and there was not, at that time, any woman or girl who knew anything of reading, so that there never came into the mind of any one here the thought that girls or women should learn to read, and the position of the girls was exceedingly low with their parents, and the day of a girl's birth was a day of sorrow for the parents, relatives and friends. Now the state is very different, and all the girls of the town from six years old and over know how to read, and they read every evening in their homes from the book of God, in the hearing of their parents and those who are present, and all listen with great attention, interest and pleasure. They profit by these girls in many things which they did not know before. Each girl is a pupil in the school and a teacher in the home and the family, and by this means a knowledge of religion and morality has spread among the parents, by reason of the little girls, which could not be expected in any other way. This progress in knowledge has been accompanied by a progress in religious feeling and in civility and love towards us, so that it has been easy for us to enter any house and teach the truth in all freedom, and people hear us with love. The number of girls for the past two years reaches a daily average of eighty girls, who learn reading, writing, arithmetic and geography, with sewing and different kinds of fancy work. And their progress, considering the circumstances, is very great, and there is no doubt that you will rejoice with us when you hear of such prosperity, resulting from the care of God and the help of benevolent people who share in the expense of the said school.

2d. The reason for fellowship in difficulties. We have showed you, O ladies, in detail, the causes of joy that you may share with us in the pleasure which every Christian lady has a right to enjoy. And now we proceed to present the difficulties which we wish you to share with us, in order to remove them, so that if we obtain the victory by the blessing of God and your help, the profit may be more perfect and the prosperity manifold greater than now. We have said before that the number of girls in the school is not less than eighty daily, but the place in which they study is not suitable for more than thirty or forty at most, and we suffer from the straitness of the place many difficulties on account of the want of order, as we are obliged to seat the girls in rows close together on the floor, and even then there is not an empty place in the room, and it is plain that this will make confusion and moving about and noise, the presence of which in a school must cause great disorder and many hindrances to prosperity. There is no suitable house which we can hire, and the house we have hired for this year we

have little hope of getting it another year. We have changed the place of the school many times since it was begun till now, and the house which we now hire is better than all the houses we have had before, since they contained but one room, and this has three for us (the two teachers and the girls).

Although we suffer so many inconveniences by reason of the want of room, if this were all the trouble we would rejoice and thank God for it; but we have a more serious trouble from the mistress of the house, who is vexed at the number of girls (oh, what a vexation!). She is always present with us in the school, and she does not cease to increase our labors greatly in her objections to our work and our arrangements, and especially in her complaints to the girls who come to the school; and she wishes that twenty should come instead of eighty, and that they should come barefooted instead of wearing shoes on their feet, lest there should be injury to the floor from their shoes. She troubles us very much by her words: "It is not necessary that the daughter of such a man or such a woman should come;" "This girl is small—what is the use of her coming, for she does not understand?" "That one is large—how can her mother spare her?" and she says to them, "Go to your homes!" with an angry spirit. She calls another names, and curses her parents who sent her and the teachers who teach her. We often hear this and pay no attention.

O ye honored ladies, who wish to have your names written in God's book of loans, who says, "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord, and He will repay it again," and who "gives a cup of cold water will not lose his reward," we appeal to your zeal, your earnest purpose in good works and charity, to lend us a helping hand for building a school-house especially for the instruction of girls in this town, that there may be to those who teach in it, whether ourselves or others who come after us, complete liberty and rest, that they may serve the Lord with fidelity and without hindrance; and to lend to us what your soul permits of money, for the expenses of building the school, on the Lord's account, who says, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," also, "God loveth a cheerful giver."

May God in our stead cause your reward to abound in this life and the life to come! And may He immortalize your names in the book of charities (acceptable with Him as that widow who cast the two farthings of her poverty in the treasury of the Lord), and increase your temporal and spiritual riches, and gather us with you in the school of heavenly glory, where we shall have perfect rest, riches and bliss with God forever!

Your petitioners,

TUKLA NUKHLY, }  
LUCEYA ABBOD, } *Teachers.*

I EARNESTLY wish that we Catholics should all receive the same Bible education as Protestants do, and that we should know by heart chapter and verse for every single circumstance, as well as being versed in the substance of the Bible through epistles, gospels, church offices and sacred history. I hope it may become the rule of every new school or college. Foreign Catholics are often utterly ignorant of the words of Scripture. It should be the base of every Christian education of all denominations.—*The Inner Life of Syria, by Isabel Burton.*

## West Africa.

### ON THE OGOVE.

IN answer to your question, I would say that the whole of the mission premises has the name of Kangwe; this part where we are living is called by the people Andende, and another part Nkame. The house on top of the hill where Mr. Robinson lives, and where Mrs. Nassau is now, is about a quarter of a mile from this one, which is at the river side. If we are going to have stations farther up the river, we must have a place here by the water where the things for the other stations can be cared for. That is our idea in building here.

The large house is going up nicely, and will be ready for us to occupy by fall. You at home can have no idea what slow, tedious work building is in this land. The new house will be good and very pleasant too. The view up the river from the porch is very fine; I know you would be pleased with it. We are all enjoying wonderfully good health for Africa.

You would be pleased to hear our little Lizzie talk to the people. She uses the Mpongwe as much as she does English, even when she is playing all alone. The people understand her much better than they do any of the other white people. Sometimes I will be trying to tell them something, and they do not understand; but as soon as she says the same thing they understand her.

On Sunday afternoon we have Sabbath-school on our porch at the same time that Mr. Robinson has it in the school-house on the hill; and on Sunday and Tuesday evenings we have meetings at both places at the same time. We do this because it is too far for all the missionaries to go to either place for a second time on Sunday, or in the evenings. A young lady could have a nice girls' school here, composed of the girls who are betrothed to our Christian young men; then when the girls were old enough to marry they would be equals in education and what other advantages they receive here.

MRS. READING.

## Persia.

### *SOME RESULTS OF EARNEST LABOR.*

THE close of our college term, and the consequent scattering of our large family of students, and Mr. Shedd's departure for a visit to the mountains, leaves us with a sense of desolation, if not with the reality. Several of the students remain here to earn something by working on the college grounds. There are also several of the school teachers who wish to study Persian and English to fit them better for their winter's work. These all attend family prayers at our house, and also come into my weekly Bible class and teachers' class in preparation for the Sabbath-school. The Orientals are so imbued with the idea that it is a shame for a scholar to work with his hands that it requires a great deal of patience and perseverance on Mr. Shedd's part to make our students understand that they must work if necessary to earn their tuition. They very often will not dig, and to beg, alas, they are not ashamed. One young man who has finished his academic course and desires next year to enter the theological course has for some months been living on his father, who needed his help. But as there was no school and no literary or spiritual labor demanding the youth's services, from "necessity" he remained idle. Mr. Shedd as soon as he understood the case talked very seriously with him on this "necessity," and urged him to work at his old trade (mason's trade). It was a great struggle, but I cannot tell you how glad I am to say that after a few days consideration the young man came and told Mr. S. that he would go to work. His father thanked Mr. Shedd most heartily.

Elia, one of our mountain students, has been going through a similar conflict with himself. He is the brother of a bishop, is poor, anxious to study, willing to receive charity, but how can he degrade himself to manual labor? But he too has come out triumphant, and with his companion is preparing mortar to plaster the college roof. This constant warfare with false views of life is one of the unpleasant sides of missionary life and labor.

There is a very dark spot so near us that we cannot help seeing it all the time. Hussar, the village nearest the college, is a small place, where for long years the missionary and native helpers have presented the gospel. There are but one or two souls in the village that we can have the least hope are saved. The gospel does not seem to have taken any root. For example, last Sabbath Sarra went there to teach the women. Five came. The others were in the city at market or at home getting up great dinners. The men sat in the streets and sung and told stories, while two only went to the meeting which was held by one of the students. The greatest



interest shown by the women who came was mere willingness to listen to Sarra as a favor to her. Last winter these people had not interest enough to make any effort to have a school.

I will give you a glimpse of the brighter side. From a distant village we hear of one of our pastors' wives holding meetings for the women in the old Nestorian church, attended by a hundred. The priest became alarmed and forbade them to assemble in the church, and now they meet out under the trees. Some have been deterred from attending through fear of the priest. From another village, where the women of the church have heretofore been very inactive, we learn that they are going out every Sabbath two and two to the near villages to hold meetings. Khoshebo, one of the seminary teachers, spent several weeks on the Naryloo river visiting different villages. Two incidents impressed me deeply. In one very large village where there has been no one to work for women, she could only begin her labors on the Sabbath by insisting upon the women collecting together, and indeed almost driving them in. The day she left the village the poor women so desired to listen to her that they left their dinner, taking the only time they were allowed to leave their work, to get food for their hungry souls. They begged her to stay longer, saying, "If we had known that you would make us understand anything, it would not have been necessary for you to drive us in; we would have gladly hastened to hear your blessed words."

In another village, where a graduate of the female seminary had been a very wicked woman, although a very active woman in teaching, etc., she found great dislike to women's meetings. "We have had a taste of woman's work," they said, "we want no more." With much tact Khoshebo took the example of this woman to show how much good one good woman might accomplish.

I have recently been reading two books which have given me much food for thought, "Memorials of a Quiet Life," by Augustus Hare, and the "First Forty Years of Carlyle's Life." How very different the two pictures! the one so beautiful, full of love and joy and peace, a heavenly life, fit beginning of the life immortal; the other so stormy and clouded, so full of self. The independence and honesty and determination and love for his family are admirable, but the selfishness and blindness that crushed the joyous brightness of his wife's spirit bring tears to one's eyes. A gentleman of Cleveland has at different times very kindly sent books to our mission library which have been to me a very great blessing. I cannot tell you how much I am rested and refreshed by reading a well-written book. I sometimes think that one needs to be cut off from social life as we are really to appreciate books. At any rate, I have found them among the greatest helps and

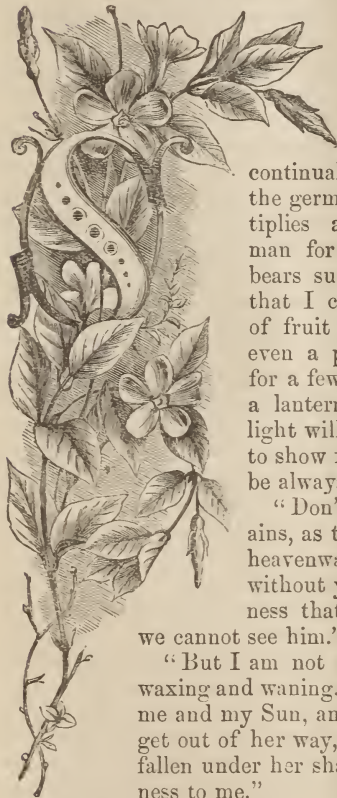
blessings of my life. Geikie's "Life of Christ" and Farrar's "St. Paul" are among the books that we have recently had the pleasure of reading. From the former I have been preparing articles for the *Rays of Light*.

SARAH J. SHEDD.

OROOMIAH.

## For the Young People.

### SERVICE FOR THE KING.



AID the Moon, as she looked down on the Earth, "I can do so little! I can only shine. It seems such a little thing for me to do; and after all there is nothing to show for it. The Oak is continually bearing the acorns which are the germs of future forests; the Corn multiplies a thousand-fold, and strengthens man for his daily labor; the frail Vine bears such magnificent bunches of grapes that I can only wonder how such wealth of fruit can come from so poor a stem; even a paltry Taper, that can only burn for a few moments, serves to kindle many a lantern which presently with twice its light will shine; while I—I have nothing to show for all my labor, and labor it is to be always shining."

"Don't say that," answered the Mountains, as they turned their dauntless brows heavenwards. "What would Earth be without you? You are the unfailing witness that our Sun *is* shining, even when we cannot see him."

"But I am not a steady light. I am continually waxing and waning. Earth is always coming between me and my Sun, and all my life is spent in trying to get out of her way, when by some mischance I have fallen under her shadow. Life is often quite a weariness to me."

"You must not say that," said the Wind, softly, as it came sweeping up from the sea laden with the scent of ocean brine. "If you are continually getting into trouble—I mean into the shadow of Earth—yet you bravely struggle out of it again."

"And meanwhile ships are lost at sea, and wanderers in the desert miss their way, and lost sheep stumble and fall over many a fatal chasm—all because *I am not shining!* I assure you my life is one long story of remorse."

"Yet good comes out of the evil," answered the Wind. "I think the almighty hand, that orders all, shows its power and wisdom most in *this*—by overruling our mistakes to work His will."

"Yes, yes," echoed the Waves, as they rose and fell in continual unrest; "your very waning and waxing portions out the flight of time to man. Ay, more—you are a perpetual reminder to him that even as you are a 'faithful witness' that your Sun is shining, so he is a witness (or ought to be) of '*another Sun than ours.*' It is his life-work, as well as yours, to shine."

"And all our life-work is 'service for our King,'" cried a Glow-worm, that looked brightly up from a dark bank of moss and fern. "I am sure we are all made for some special purpose, and that purpose is to serve Him who made us."

"Yes," sighed the Wind; "none of us lives to himself. He who made us made us for Himself; and over all our life-work is written this inscription: '*Service for the King.*'"

"True, true!" answered the Waves one after another, as they broke upon the pebbly shore. "When the ships 'mount up to heaven' on each crested billow I love to think that I am lifting their occupants *thitherwards* also; and when they sink into my depths I know they must be safe, for I am held in the hollow of His hand who holds the universe, and the lower they sink the nearer they are to *Him*. It is not the work I should have chosen for myself, but since He gives it me I am glad to do it, for this is my life's motto: '*Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it.*'"

"Your service is easier than mine," said the Oak. "You are perpetually *receiving*, while I am *giving* up."

"It is your 'service for the King,'" whispered the Wind, as she rustled through the Oak-tree's leafy branches; "but that is only half your work after all. Just think how your boughs are a refuge for the sparrows that nestle in your ivy-covered trunk."

"I'd just as soon be without them," answered the Oak. "Only wretched sparrows! What do I care for them?"

"God careth," said the Wind, sweetly; "and '*not one of them is forgotten.*'"

"Not *one* forgotten!" cried the Oak. "Can it be true? Surely 'the gretaest of all beings is thus the kindest.' And if He stoops to mark the sparrow's fall, maybe He marks my falling leaves and acorns when He bids me let them go."

"Most certainly He does," answered the Mountains, "for

“Nothing is too great to be beyond His sway,  
Nothing too low to be beneath His care,”

and ‘*all things* serve Him.”

“Yes; and in serving one another we *serve* Him,” murmured the Waves. “It is a beautiful thought, and one that makes the humblest work an honor.”

“Ah! and the wonderful thing is that the weakest and most insignificant things join in this ‘*service*,’” exclaimed the Mountains. “From the lowliest glow-worm, that tells of ‘a light that shineth in a dark place till the day dawn,’ to the glorious sun, that ‘shines on the evil and good alike,’ from the boundless ocean to the tiniest springing fountain, from the rushing wind to the faintest perfumed breeze, from the great clouds ‘full of rain’ to the softly-distilling dews—all, *all* things speak of Him who is above all and through all and in all, and in thus speaking they serve Him. There is no life too short or too insignificant to join in the universal ‘SERVICE FOR THE KING.’”

Reader, in the Book of Nature God has written this lesson for you and me. In every blade of grass or giant oak or glow-worm light or restless wave “*thine eyes shall see thy teachers*,” and listening hearts shall hear their “still small voices” telling of one universal service—“SERVICE FOR THE KING.”—*India's Women*.

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### FIVE PENNIES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

AN aged man and woman, between seventy and eighty years old, were wearily and silently climbing the path which led to their humble home. They were a poor, hard-working couple, living quietly in a remote corner of France, where the wife, by spinning, and the husband, by weaving, earned together less than four shillings a week. Out of this small pittance they had to pay for food and clothing, fuel and rent, and both had learned to practice the strictest economy in all things. However, by enduring privations of every kind, they managed “to make both ends meet;” and, moreover, they had latterly succeeded in putting aside one penny each week toward their funeral expenses. They had no debts, but not a penny to spare. Just then they were returning from a missionary meeting, where the minister had spoken impressively of the double duty toward missions which devolves on those who truly feel what the Saviour has done for them. They must first *pray* for the missionary cause, and then joyfully *give* to extend the kingdom of God.

“There are many ways of giving,” said the pastor; “but the

gift that is most acceptable to God, and on which His blessing specially rests, is that which we make at the cost of self-denial, of the sacrifice of some fancy, or even of something which seems really needful to us. Like the widow's mite, what we put in the missionary box must not be taken from what we owe our neighbor or what we give to the poor, but from what we use for our own comfort and well-being."

On reaching their little hut the mother prepared the evening meal, which was eaten in silence and deep thought. "Wife," said the husband at last, "it makes me very sad to think that we give nothing for the kingdom of God and the cause of missions. Yet we both feel how blessed it is for us to have a Saviour, and we would be glad to do something to please Him."

"Yes, if we only knew how," answered she, earnestly.

"I have been thinking of that money we put aside for our burial," continued the old man; "but if we were to take it, we would wrong those who had to bear our funeral expenses."

"No, *that* cannot be done," said the wife. "As for eating less than we do, that also is impossible, for we never have enough now to satisfy our hunger; and with less food we would become sick, and that would be still worse."

"Let us commit this whole matter to the Lord," replied her husband; and having done so, they retired to rest, for they felt weary and weak after their long walk from church.

Two months had passed since the missionary meeting; winter had set in, early and severe—a most trying time for the poor. One day somebody knocked at the minister's door. It was the old woman, with a face beaming with joy.

"Mr. —," said she, "I bring you something for the missionary fund. My husband and I wish to show our dear Saviour how precious He is to us by giving something for the poor heathen;" and she drew from her pocket a piece of paper, in which were wrapped *five pennies*.

The pastor could not understand this, knowing, from his visits to them, that these people were the poorest in the whole parish. He looked at the old woman with surprise, and asked her how she had collected this amount.

"Oh, sir!" she answered, joyfully, "the dear Lord put a thought in my heart. Since the day of the missionary meeting I have carefully saved up all our potato parings (we eat about a dozen potatoes a day); I dried them and put them into a bag, and this morning took it to a neighbor who keeps pigs, and she paid me these five pennies, so I brought them to you at once."

Cheerfully the old mother took up her staff, and toiled up the rough mountain path leading to her home; and as the pastor's eyes

followed her, "O thou faithful God," said he, "how well these poor people have understood and responded to Thy call! How much we can learn from them! Truly, here is the influence of Thy spirit, and the kingdom of God is for those who are like unto them."—*The Friend of Missions.*

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## At Home.

### WHY ARE WE HERE?

As we look forth upon this beautiful world in which we are placed, and see ourselves surrounded by objects and works so grand that our intelligence tells us they must be the workmanship of a God; when we consider that man also is the creation of His hand, is made in His image—that all these subordinate things were created to contribute to His happiness—we may well exclaim, Why are we here? What is the object of our lives? Surely we were not placed upon this beautiful planet to gratify selfish purposes or to be idlers in God's vineyard! Many when appealed to for aid in some benevolent work exclaim, "I can find nothing to do!" Nothing to do! Are there not many around you whose cup of suffering and sorrow is full to the brim; who daily pray for relief on earth, but even this boon is denied them? Can you not alleviate their suffering by some little attention, some kindly-spoken, encouraging word, some little offering given in love to the Master? The gift, however small, will not be despised by one more unfortunate than yourself.

"A little word in kindness spoken,  
A motion or a tear,  
Has often healed the heart that's broken  
And driven away its fear."

Surely we were not placed here without some object in life. We are here for some purpose, to do some work for the Master. It is ours to discover, by the aid of the Holy Spirit, what this special work is, and to use all our energies for its accomplishment. If we refuse to do it, He will give it into the hands of another who is willing to be a co-worker with Him, for His work must be done. Oh, should we not blush with shame, on the final day, to see what might have been our sheaves laid by another at the Saviour's feet? The fields, my sisters, are white to the harvest. Shall we not be reapers? It is my opinion that we as Christian women are called upon to interest ourselves in *mission* work. Has it ever occurred to you what a great responsibility is ours in this land of Bibles and gospel liberty? Have we not each one a great work to perform?

As we read of the condition of our sex in heathendom do not our hearts burn within us? Does not a great longing take possession of us to do something to alleviate their sufferings? According to the Lord's promise deserts are now beginning to blossom like the rose; nations are being born in a day; the knowledge of the Lord is spreading and spreading. Is it not glorious to be allowed to help? Should we not blush with shame at that final day to feel that the great battle of truth has been fought and we had no part in it?

Let us each, dear sisters, resolve to stir up the gift that is in us. We each have some talent for which an account must be rendered. If we cannot go ourselves to heathen lands, we can surely in some way aid our self-sacrificing sisters, who are already devoting their life work to Christianizing those heathen nations, either by an encouraging word, by our finances or by prayer. I recommend to the notice of each one here the perusal of an article in the September number (1881) of *Woman's Work*, the title of which is "Stirring up the Gift." I know not how any one, after its perusal, can fail to have her enthusiasm aroused upon the subject of missions. Although we are to do good, hoping for nothing again, yet the Lord will not have us go unrewarded; for, while we must give to those from whom we have no hope of receiving, yet it is written, "Your reward shall be great." Yes, the spirit of loving obedience, and not the hope of reward, must move us to good works. We must imitate the example of our Saviour: be kind to the unthankful and evil; obey like little children, simply because it is His will. Some of us, like Peter, may have little silver or gold; but as he had power to give something better than gold, even health and the gospel, to the lame man at the gate Beautiful, so all who have freely received are permitted to give the patience, the influence, the graces of the Spirit, to help others on to life eternal. The happy ones of earth are those who give. The generous, however poor, can make many rich. Our possessions, whether large or small, are the least of what we are to give. We should give "ourselves" first, as did the Christians of Macedonia (see 2 Cor. viii. 5).

Let us also remember that God loves a cheerful giver. All His gifts to us are in this spirit. He asks us to imitate Him in our giving. Christ continually intercedes for us in a cheerful manner. If the blessed Lord should become a weary Intercessor, what would be the fate of sinful man? And yet, oh! how often we weary of His work; are even compelled at times to force ourselves into the vineyard, instead of willingly and cheerfully laboring for Him! What condescension in Christ Jesus not only to permit us to give the same gifts that He gives, and to the same people (the unthankful), but also to give in the same cheerful manner; and "to whom much is given, of him much shall be required." How many op-

portunities we lose of giving a needed word or act of kindness, by not being ever on the alert and ever watchful! A few words lightly spoken may prove of great benefit to the hearer or may do much harm. I read recently a little anecdote that deeply interested me, showing the effect of a kind smile upon an unfortunate boy. A gentleman, passing along through the streets of a busy city, spied a ragged little newsboy, who showed signs of cold and hunger. He spoke the following words in a cheerful, sympathetic tone of voice: "Good morning! my little fellow, are you hungry?" A bright smile overspread the boy's face as he replied, "I was, sir, just before you spoke, but it is all gone now." This loving smile and few kindly-spoken words were food and drink to this poor unfortunate boy.

Oh, let us remember, dear sisters, that one of the greatest rewards in giving, one of the happy effects of liberality, is the love it awakens in the heart of the giver towards the object of his generosity. If you cannot give largely, give what you can. He will bless the widow's mite and increase it ten-fold if prayer accompanies the gift.

#### MY OFFERING.

"With fluttering heart and quivering hand  
I brought my little gift and laid it down upon God's holy altar.  
I had so prayed that, touched by His Almighty hand,  
His dear, pierced hand,  
It might become a holy thing, meet for His service.  
And now I watched for that dear hand to take it up.  
My little faith would scarce believe that His omniscient eye  
Would notice take of gift so small, so mean, as mine;  
When lo! it was returned so changed, so beautified,  
I clasped it to my heart with tears of joy.  
It seemed so multiplied, so radiant with His love,  
I smiled that I should have withheld it from His hand so long.  
The gift was naught;  
But God's dear hand upon the gift was all."

(This essay was written by Mrs. E. B. Ringland for the W. F. M. S., and was read last April, after her death, at the Presbyterial meeting at Clayton, Ill. Her memory, blessed to all who knew her, will be blessed for eternity to many who did not, through the "Sallie Ringland Fund," now amounting to sixteen hundred dollars, given by her husband for woman's work in Syria and among the Laos.)

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PHOTOGRAPHS (in native costume) of Hoorma, a Persian woman laboring under the care of our mission among the Chinese in California, can be had by addressing Miss Culbertson, 933 Sacramento Street, San Francisco, Cal. Price, 50 cents.



*MY REFUGE.*

[Written by Ellen L. Goreh, a Brahmin of the highest caste, adopted daughter of Rev. W. T. Stons, Bradford, England.]

In the secret of His presence how my soul delights to hide !  
Oh, how precious are the lessons which I learn at Jesus' side !  
Earthly cares can never vex me, neither trials lay me low,  
For when Satan comes to tempt me, to the "secret place" I go.

When my soul is faint and thirsty, 'neath the shadow of His wing  
There is cool and pleasant shelter, and a fresh and crystal spring ;  
And my Saviour rests beside me as we hold communion sweet :  
If I tried I could not utter what He says when thus we meet.

Only this I know : I tell Him all my doubts and griefs and fears ;  
Oh, how patiently He listens, and my drooping soul He cheers.  
Do you think He ne'er reproves me ? What a false friend He would be  
If He never, never told me of the sins which He must see !

Do you think that I could love Him half so well, or as I ought,  
If He did not tell me plainly of each sinful word and thought ?  
No ! He is very faithful, and that makes me trust Him more ;  
For I know that He does love me, tho' He wounds me very sore.

Would you like to know the sweetness of the secret of the Lord ?  
Go and hide beneath His shadow ; this shall then be your reward ;  
And whene'er you leave the silence of that happy meeting place,  
You must mind and bear the image of your Master in your face.

You will surely lose the blessing and the fullness of your joy  
If you let dark clouds distress you and your inward peace destroy.  
You may always be abiding, if you will, at Jesus' side ;  
In the secret of His presence you may every moment hide.

*A WORD FROM LONDON.*

It is pleasant to see that our English sisters in this foreign missionary work are coming to realize with us the necessity of meeting together stately for prayer on its behalf. We quote the following from a paper read at a recent conference held by the Zenana Missionary Society in London :

"May I venture one word more ? Could ladies living sufficiently near meet each other at stated intervals, and at an hour convenient to all, to unite in pleading the requests sent us from India by the missionaries, and printed in our magazine ? Knots of 'two or three' thus meeting in His name are recognized by Jesus in the promise, 'I will be in the midst of them.' Such definiteness gives power, and if the spirit of supplication thus attract together several such small groups of intercessors, will it not be a manifest token that the blessing is at hand ? And may we not look hopefully forward to a time when, once a month, or at least once a quarter, these knots of twos and threes will try and

arrange to assemble at some central house for a united *ladies' prayer-meeting*, similar to the one our sisters hold in Calcutta? And we may add, for our encouragement as a band of workers, that 'God is able to make all grace abound toward us,' beloved friends, 'that we having all sufficiency in all things may abound unto every good work' (2 Cor. ix. 8).

"Ours is a Christian woman's mission to heathen women. 'WOMAN' is the first recorded word that fell from our Saviour's lips after His resurrection, and woman was His first messenger to declare the glorious fact: 'Go tell my disciples,' etc. Well may we rejoice in the honor thus accorded to us, and hasten onward in the path of joy—that joy in the Lord which is our strength in His glorious service. Thus shall the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us, and the work of our hands be established by Him."

Out of our own experience of ten years of such gatherings for prayer we would encourage these friends across the sea to establish and vigorously sustain regular prayer-meetings among themselves, and to expect the blessing that will surely come to their own souls as well as upon their work.

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### COMFORT FOR LONELY WORKERS.

BISHOP WEEKS, of Sierra Leone, used to tell a story of his own experience that encouraged him, and may encourage others who are called to labor for God in an apparent desert. His work as a catechist and missionary for eleven years had seemed to be fruitless, and his heart was heavy on account of it. One day, however, in a missionary cruise on the river, the shades of evening began to fall, and he looked about for a place in which to ask a night's lodging. A large house was in sight, which he found to be a factory. He went up and asked permission to rest there. The master came out, and with kind and glad welcome, looking him in the face, said, "Do you not know me, sir?" Recognition was soon established between teacher and scholar, for the owner of the house to which the missionary had come proved to have been one of the earliest pupils in his first school. What was his joy to find him a truly God-fearing young man, calling together his household night and morning for instruction and worship, and to see in him the first-fruits of a sowing that he had thought to be in vain!

His own sphere in Sierra Leone had seemed as one of "the out-places," and this little colony on the river bank was another of "the out-places;" but God was showing him that waters from the sanctuary were gladdening both, and he went back, with rejoicing heart, to more hopeful and, as it afterwards proved, more resultful work among his African charge.

Happy for any lonely worker will it be if, looking beyond human calculations, the resolve is firmly made, "I will seek *unto God*, and unto God will I commit my cause, which doeth *great things and unsearchable, marvellous things without number*; who giveth rain upon the earth, and sendeth waters upon *the out-places*." No place, no circumstance, is out of reach of "the river of God, which is full of water;" and our heavenly Father will specially take the matter into His own hand, when the plants of His own planting are left in "the desolate and waste ground, *where no man is*."—*E. C. in Woman's Work, London.*

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### CURRENT LITERATURE AND MISSIONS.

*Knowledge is of two kinds. We know a subject ourselves, or we know where we can find information upon it.*—DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

MOHAMMED AND HIS TEACHINGS, by Prof. Monier Williams. *The Nineteenth Century*, July, 1882.

NESTORIAN MISSIONS IN CHINA. *The American Church Review*, July, 1882.

EARNESTNESS IN CHINESE BUDDHISM, by Joseph Edkins, D.D., Pekin. *The Catholic Presbyterian*, August, 1882.

A LADY'S TESTIMONY TO THE FIJI MISSION, by W. G. Blaikie, D.D. *The Catholic Presbyterian*, August, 1882.

BUDDHIST BIRTH STORIES, by Rev. James T. Bixby. *The Unitarian Review*, August, 1882.

A CRY FROM THE INDIAN MOHAMMEDANS, by Syed Amer Ali. *The Nineteenth Century*, August, 1882.

MEDICAL WOMEN FOR INDIA, by Frances E. Hoggan, M.D. *The Continental Review*, August, 1882.

RECENT JAPANESE PROGRESS. [From an article by H. S. Palmer, in "The British Quarterly Review."] *Good Literature*, September 16, 1882.

EGYPT AND ISLAM, by Rev. H. H. Jessup, D.D. *The Foreign Missionary*, September, 1882.

THE PARENTS OF DAVID LIVINGSTONE, by W. G. Blakie, D.D. *The Catholic Presbyterian*, September, 1882.

INVADING THE TEMPLE OF HEAVEN, by Charles Wood. *Lippincott's Magazine*, September, 1882.

THE HISTORIC RELIGIONS OF INDIA: BUDDHISM, by Rev. W. C. Clapp. *The New Englander*, September, 1882.

LIFE IN A MEXICAN STREET, by Robert H. Lamborn. *The Century Magazine*, October, 1882.

THE RAILWAY INVASION OF MEXICO, by the Hon. John Bigelow. *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, October, 1882.

REV. A. B. ROBINSON.

PERRYSBURG, O.

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### GOOD NEWS FOR MISSION BANDS.

Now that the pleasant autumn weather is bringing the bands together to take up their work with fresh zeal and earnestness, we are sure they will be delighted to hear that the book of exercises promised in the spring will be ready almost as soon as this paragraph is in print. It has been prepared with much care by a committee from the W. F. M. S., and will be issued by the Presbyterian Board of Publication and sold at the low rate of thirty cents

per copy. It contains Bible-readings, Scripture exercises, recitations in prose and poetry, dialogues, etc., many of which have never before been published; also hints and suggestions of various sorts that must prove helpful. We hope leaders of bands and others interested will make a note of this and send their orders and money by November 1 to Mr. John A. Black, 1334 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

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## W. F. M. S. of the Presbyterian Church.

1334 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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### SUBJECT FOR NOVEMBER PRAYER-MEETING.

Overcoming faith. *Text*—"This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith" (1 John v. 4).

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### A QUESTION ANSWERED.

HELP FOR SAO PAULO.

"WHAT new object have you to suggest that calls for special offerings?" asked a lady as she entered our Treasurer's room at 1334 Chestnut Street the other day. This question is frequently asked verbally and by letter, as the pleasant autumn weather brings renewed vigor to our work. New societies and bands are organizing, and some of those already engaged may wish to make offerings over and above the sums for which they are pledged. To all such, and to individual donors, we wish to present with especial earnestness an object which calls for prompt and vigorous effort. It is the purchase of a permanent home for the Sao Paulo girls' school. How much do you who read these lines know in regard to this most interesting work? Let us briefly glance at some things that make it important; and then if you will study its history as told in *Woman's Work*, the *Foreign Missionary*, and the annual reports you cannot fail to become interested in it.

The empire of Brazil, occupying nearly half of South America, is divided into twenty provinces corresponding to our states. Of these only five are in any way occupied by Protestant missions. One of these is the province of Sao Paulo, which is nearly as large as New York and Pennsylvania united. In this great territory we have—think of it—thirteen churches! In the capital city of the same name our Board has a well-rooted work comprising a church, a training-school for teachers and preachers, and a girls' boarding and day-school. From these as a centre the light of a pure gospel is shining upon and gradually penetrating the ignorance and super-

stitution of the people. And it is such ignorance and such superstitious bigotry as we can scarcely conceive of. The priests are immoral, corrupt and ignorant, and as the leaders, so are the followers.

Mrs. Agassiz said of the women of Brazil, "Among my own sex I have never seen such sad, sad lives. . . Intolerably monotonous, inactive, stagnant." From the schools just mentioned must come the future teachers of both sexes, who are to impress pure morality and the principles of the religion of Christ upon their country people. And from the girls' school must come helpful Christian wives for the native ministry. In the church, the training-school, the press and the out-stations, Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Howell are working indefatigably and with painstaking fidelity; and in the girls' school they have faithful and wise coadjutors in our long-tried missionaries, Miss Dascomb and Miss Kuhl. The time has come when the work in Sao Paulo should be put on a firm and sure basis. It can be done. Let us not miss the opportunity, but as a society do our part promptly and generously, by giving a permanent abiding place to this large and important school. Ten thousand dollars is the sum which the Board of Foreign Missions has authorized us to raise for this purpose. Such a school in such a place is a city set upon a hill, a beacon light in a region of darkness. Who will help to keep the light burning?

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### NEW AUXILIARY.

Cincinnati Presbytery, Bantam, Ohio.

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### NEW LIFE MEMBERS.

Fry, Mrs. H. B.  
Orr, Mrs. J. D.

Snyder, Mrs. Mary L.  
Wherry, Mrs. John

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### *Receipts of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church, from Sept. 1, 1882.*

[PRESBYTERIES IN SMALL CAPITALS.]

BUTLER.—Centreville Aux., 20; Middlesex, 38 85; Plain Grove, 24 45; Pleasant Valley, 17; Scrub Grass, 6; Sunbury, 18 50, Y. L. Cir., 36 (54 50); Unionville, 6, all for Miss'y, Chinese in California. 166 80

CHILLICOTHE.—Chillicothe, 1st Ch. Aux., 35; 3d Ch., 3 41; Concord, 5; Greenfield, 17 18; Hillsboro', 19, Sycamore Branch, 6 (25); Marshall, 3 80; Mt. Pleasant, 7 25; North Fork, 5; Washington C. H., 7, Miss'y Bogota. 108 64

CLARION.—Clarion, Gleaners, sch'p

Yokohama, 30; East Brady, Beacon Lights, 50; Edenburg, 10; Pisgah, L. M., 25; Shiloh, 12. 127 00

ERIE.—Edinboro' Aux., 25; Fredonia, 21; Harbor Creek, 12; Utica, 9. 67 00

GENEVA.—Romulus Aux., 25 00

HUDSON.—Hamptonburg Aux., 30; Ridgebury, 15, Miss'y Syria. 45 00

KITTANNING.—Saltsburg Aux., sch. Bogota, 30 00

LEHIGH.—Allentown Aux., 10; Alburdis and Lock Ridge, 5; Easton, 1st Ch., sch. Bogota, 25; Hazleton, sch'p



Mite Boxes, to bands connected with the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, Philadelphia (postage to be paid when sent by mail, 1 cent for 5 boxes), . . . . . free.  
 Large Maps for the use of Auxiliaries—Mexico, South America, West Africa, Syria, Persia, India, China, with Siam and Laos, Japan, . . . \$1 00  
 1. Rates, 25 cents for the use of each map.

When ordered by mail 22 cents must accompany the order to prepay postage.

2. Maps may be retained one week, exclusive of time of transmission.

3. If maps are retained longer than one week, a charge of 10 cents will be made for each extra day.

4. Maps must be returned in as good condition as when they were received, and in the same covering.

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MISS J. C. THOMPSON,

1334 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

## W. P. G. M. of the Northwest.

ROOM 48, McCORMICK BLOCK, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

### PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE

TO BE READ AT THE MONTHLY MEETINGS IN NOVEMBER.

Luke x. 25-38. *Golden Text for the Month*—James ii. 8.

### NEW AUXILIARIES.

Detroit, Mich., Memorial Church.  
 Monroeville, O.

Philo, Ill.

### NEW LIFE MEMBERS.

Miss Jessie M. Baker, Bowling Green, Ohio.

Miss Nellie F. Barrett, Lewistown, Ill.

Miss Jennie E. Fahnestock, Lewistown, Ill.

Mrs. Z. M. Humphrey, Lake Forest, Ill.

Miss Lucy G. Keep, Chicago, Ill.

Miss Hattie B. Magill, Lewistown, Ill.

Mrs. J. G. K. McClure, Lake Forest, Ill.

Miss M. Ada Phelps, Lewistown, Ill.

Miss Kate Roath, Bowling Green, O.

Mrs. S. G. Snider, Wolcott, Ind.

Miss Aggie B. Stipp, Lewistown, Ill.

Miss Bessie A. Ufford, Lewistown, Ill.

### Receipts of the Woman's Presbyterian Board of Missions for the Northwest, to Sept. 20, 1882.

[PRESBYTERIES IN SMALL CAPITALS.]

BELLEFONTAINE.—Crestline, 7 26 ;  
 Galion, 9 ; Marseilles, 20 ; Upper Sandusky, 21, all sal. Miss Hartwell ;  
 Crestline, Bangkok work, 5 ; Bellefontaine, 20 ; Galion, 1 ; Marseilles, " Temple Builders," 31 50, last three for H. M. 114 76

BLOOMINGTON.—Clinton, Cheerful Givers, 5 ; Minonk, Brazil, 10 ; Pontiac, sup. Hartoon, Oroomiah, 25 ; Tolono, 7. 47 00

CAIRO.—Bridgeport, 5 00

CHICAGO.—Chicago, 1st, Beirut sch., 5, Bangkok sch'p, 7 50 ; 2d, Tabriz sch., 57 73, H. M., 2, Mrs. Allport, outfit, 2, Mrs. Wm. Mendsen, 10 ; 6th, Persian pastor's wife, 35 ; Sth. trav. expenses of missionaries, 29 ; 41st St. Ch., Rio Claro sch'p, 37 50 ; Westminster Ch., boys' band, Gaboon sch'p, 25 ; Englewood, 26 ; Joliet, 1st, 30 ; Lake Forest, 157, Y. P., Brazil sch'p,

23 05, Steady Streams, 38 94; Man- teno, 10.	495 72	ST. PAUL.—Minneapolis, Westmin- ster Ch., sal. Mrs. R. Mateer, 31 65, Young Men recently consecrated to missionary work, 42; Taylor's Falls, 20; St. Croix Falls, 15.	103 65
DENVER.—Boulder, Y. L., Canton sch'p, 10; Denver, 17th St. Ch., Mar- ket St. sch. Siam, 25.	35 00	SCHUYLER.—Hamilton, Dr. E. B. Ringland for "Sallie Ringland Fund,"	500 00
DES MOINES.—Adel, 20; Albia, 12 50; Chariton, 6 50; Des Moines, 37 50; Russell, 5, all sal. Miss Coch- rane; Des Moines, Mrs. J. D. Devin, 2; South Des Moines, 6.	89 50	SPRINGFIELD.—Jacksonville, 1st, Gwalior sch., 2; Westminster Ch., Rio Claro sch'p, 15; Central Ch., 20 88; Lincoln, Y. L., 17 55, Band, African sch'p, 14 11; North Sangamon, sal. Mrs. Corbett, 16 55; Petersburg, same, 15 55, Band, Oroomiah student, 16 15; Pisgah, Laos sch., 11 25; Pleasant Plains, Miss Anderson's work, 20, H. M., 20; Springfield, 1st, sal. Mrs. Cor- bett, 16; 2d, Y. L., Dehra sch'p, 15; 3d, Children of the King, Laos sch., 54 87; Virginia, Laos sch'p, 17 20.	272 11
DETROIT.—Detroit, Memorial Ch., 30; Ypsilanti, sal. Miss Dean, 50.	80 00	WHITEWATER.—Brookville, 10; Col- lege Corner, 7 60; Ebenezer, 10; Greensburg, 57 70; Knightstown, 3 75; Shelbyville, 12 50; Rushville, 10 80, all sal. Miss Tiffany; Rushville and S. S., Dehra, 5 04; Greensburg S. S., sal. Mrs. Craig, 30 45; Richmond, Besheymoon sch., 37 50, Benita sch'p, 5, Mrs. E. W. Hudleson, Laos sch'p, 6 25.	196 59
EMPORIA.—Arkansas City, 5; Belle Plaine, 4 65, H. M., 4 65, A friend, 2 50, H. M., 2 50; Newton, 6, H. M., 3; Winfield, S. S., 11 86, H. M. 5 92.	46 08	WINNEBAGO.—Omro, 6 41, Willing Workers, 5 09.	11 50
FORT WAYNE.—Elkhart, 35, S. S., Monterey, 25.	60 00	MEMORIAL FUND.—By sale of "A Brief Record," Western Fem. Sem., 22; Miscellaneous, "Memorial School,"	8 95
FREEPORT.—Belvidere, 8 60; Ga- lena, Y. L. 1st Ch., Laos, 10; Middle Creek, 234 65.	253 25	MISCELLANEOUS.—Societies: Chi- cago, Ill., Fullerton Ave. Ch., 1; En- glewood, Ill., 1; Canton, Ill., 1; Knox- ville, Ill., 1 30; Peoria, Ill., Grace Ch., 1; Warren, Ill., 1; Laporte, Ind., 1; Portland, Ind., 1; Keokuk, Iowa, 1; Salem Ch., Iowa, 1; Mt. Clemens, Mich., 1; Toledo, O., Westminster Ch., 1; Lima, Wis., 1; Omro, Wis., 1; Stevens Point, Wis., 1 (15 30); For publication of Report: Andover, Ill., Ida Woolsey, 2; Sale of leaflets, 1 05.	18 35
INDIANAPOLIS.—Indianapolis, 4th S. S., Syrian sch.,	82 42	Total for month,	2,965 51
IOWA.—Burlington, 67 70; Media- polis, Futtehghurh sch., 10; New Lon- don, 6 80.	84 50	Previously acknowledged,	8,030 39
IOWA CITY.—Brooklyn, 3 40; Scott Ch. 6, H. M., 6.	15 40	From April 20 to Sept. 20, \$10,995 90	
KALAMAZOO.—Three Rivers, 10 00	10 00		
LAKE SUPERIOR.—Ishpeming, Ga- boon sch'p, 5 75, Canton sch'p, 3 75, Kangwe sch'p, 3 75; Marinette, sal. Misses Dougherty and Cundall, 23 48; Menominee, 8; Oconto, 10, H. M., 10.	64 73		
LANSING.—Marshall, Anon., Laos,	1 00		
MANKATO.—Winnebago City, "Shall they go?" Fund,	5 00		
MAUMEE.—Bowling Green, Mexico, 5, H. M., 10, Willing Workers, sal. Miss Fetter, 26, Mexico, 26.	67 00		
MILWAUKEE.—Milwaukee, Calvary Ch., Syrian sch.,	37 50		
MUNCIE.—Portland, Rio Claro sch'p, 15 00	15 00		
OTTAWA.—Aurora, 8 25, S. S., sup. Amy, Mynpurie, 6 25; Mendota, "Do- nation," Dehra, 15; Oswego, 7; So- monauk, 12; Union Grove, 5.	53 50		
PEORIA.—Lewistown, Mrs. Myron Phelps,	150 00		
ROCK RIVER.—Sterling, Dehra sch'p, 15 00	15 00		

MRS. HENRY M. HUMPHREY, *Treasurer*,  
Room 48, McCormick Block.

CHICAGO, ILL., Sept. 20, 1882.









